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## Reminiscence of John Muir by Muir, Helen

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2682 Sierra Way,  
San Bernardino, Calif.

February 26, 1943

Dear Linnie:

It is good to lay aside the formality we both used for so long, I hardly know why. It seems to me I've known you for a long time but it has been mostly through your good letters to me and I didn't know how you felt about it.

Your letters are fine and like a visit with you, almost. I have two of them to answer now, with their questions. I received the first one February first or thereabout but it was a case of "The Eternal Events pile up", I guess, for so many little things combined to keep me from writing. No use to take up space in what is going to be a very long letter in telling you all the "events" but the most important one was that during the heavy rains we have had several times this month my roof developed LEAKS where there had never before been even a hint of leaks, <sup>you</sup> and coming during the night it meant I had to get up and move things out of drips, and tho I wore a warm robe I had an~~y~~ attack of pleurisy as a result of my wet night and of moving things too heavy for me. That meant resting all day for several days with an electric pad, and no letter writing.

But it has not been all time lost for I have been going back into the past and living over the auld lang syne as much as I can in order to answer as many of your questions that go away bak~~k~~ in Papa's life as I can, and by reading Dr. Bade's book over

*Although I had  
I seem to have had  
his spirit was at home - then*

I found several of Papa's letters there that filled in spaces I could not be sure of alone, and they also confirm dates of ~~happings~~ happenings for me, so I can now answer some of the questions better than at the time I first received your letters. I have lain awake many nights trying to remember things you have asked me, it seems my mind is better able to cope with them then and when I get started I keep trying to think of more till I am three or four years old and living in the cottage in Alhambra valley with my dear mother and father again, and Wanda is a little girl playing with me in the old garden. Some scenes are very vivid and clear, and if you were here in the room with me I think I could give you a pretty clear picture of our home life on "the upper ranch" as the original home place (where the Hannas have been living) was always called after Grandpa Strentzel passed away and we moved to the big house he had built on the knoll, the place that later was mine until I had to move to the desert and which Papa always seemed to hope I might sometime come back to. But I will do my best to write instead of talk to you, tho I have wished so many, MANY times you could be here so when a question came up we could talk ~~it~~ it over instead of writing letters.

Now before I start taking the questions, I'm going to answer the rest of your two letters. First of all, I was so very glad to get your letter of Jan. 28th, with the little spray of Libocedrus in it. I had been afraid you were ill. Your last card, received

sometime before the holidays spoke of a hard cold and a cough that held on and when there was such a long silence I was afraid for you. So it was good to get your letter, and the spicy bit of green was thoughtful and dear of you, of course it brought up hords of memories. *It was just like the one Papa nearly always wore in his button hole.*

I'm sorry to know you are still troubled with the headaches, I'm afraid you are trying to hurry too much. What if it is'nt brought out this spring? It is much more important that you conserve your strength and your health, and the book comes out next fall or next year. Being with Papa when he was trying to get a book or a troublesome article finished I understand so well what you are going through, and in looking back it seems to me Publishers are ALWAYS in a hurry. It is cruel in many cases. Your Mr. Knopf must be much more understanding and patient than most of them are. And I am glad he is. But please do think of yourself and don't get too worn out.

*see pages*

I am so glad you were able to see the John Muir slip down to the water, I wish I could have been there with all my family, to wish her luck and to "come safely home" someday. I am so happy about it, have been thrilled ever since you told me there was to be a ship bearing Papa's name, and I know he would have been proud and

glad. He loved the sea. *and often talked of the wild north Sea of his Dunbar home. In looking over Dr. Pease's book I find on page 227, vol-2 something about trees going to sea - read it yourself, tho you may be already familiar with it. the*

*But it was absolutely impossible for me to see ship launched. I received several newspaper clippings about it, one of them had a picture of Deane, from different friends. But no pictures of the ship's launching were sent me. It doesn't matter. Some day you will be coming south to see us again, and I can see yours there.*

*Fater. How far some  
questions -*

Dogs.

*1891*

Elfie was a tiny Black and Tan dog. That was the name of the breed tho one never hears of them nowadays. Papa got her in San Francisco for Wanda. Elfie was so named because she was so little, "a little Elf", we called her. We had her early in the 90s, about 1895, I think. Of course we all liked Elfie, but there never was any deep affection felt toward her as with most of our dogs, for she was a silly little thing, not burdened with intelligence, and used to bark as violently at any of the family returning home as she did at strangers. Perhaps her eyesight was poor, I don't know. When she had puppies she was not a good mother, we had to watch that she did not neglect them. A mother cat we had at the time used to cuddle Elfie's puppies and lick them along with her kittens and a little orphan chick, all of them black, but Elfie couldnt be bothered with maternal duties. I dont remember how long we had her nor her finish. The fate of a weak character.

*fairly*

The little rough brown dog.

I dont remember his name as Papa had him before my time or while I was a baby, for I never saw him but remember Papa telling about him, what a brave, gallant little soul he was. Papa never forgot that little dog. I guess he was as different from Elfie as day and night.

*when he was about 4 months old*

My Stickeen.

He was a fine Collie dog, given to me by a family friend named Elliot, who had a ranch in Franklin Canyon and raised fine Collie dogs. The name Stickeen was given him because it seemed a nice thing to hand it on to another dog of our's, but we never called him the full name in every day life, it was too hard to call, so Stickeen was shortened down to Keenie and we always called him that. He was a wonderful dog, truly noble, brave and true. My heart aches whenever I think of the sorrow I had to bring into his life. For he was my dog and as loyal to me as the Boston I have now, and I got sick and had to leave him, first in 1905 when I went to Arizona for a year, and later after being home a year, (1906 to 1907) I had to leave him again and now he was growing old, and I doubt if he was ever really happy again. For tho he was sent to Daggett with my saddle horse in the spring of 1908, and of course was glad to be with me again, everything there was so differnt from his old home where he had spent his entire life, he could not adjust himself. He was now 13 years old. His dear little heart seemed broken and he merely drifted along scarcely caring what happened till the summer heat came on, and then one day he simply went off somewhere and died.

*aug. '06 - Dec. '07*

*I never found him*

"Tawny" was the little dog Papa had in his overcoat pocket when he told me to put my hand in and find "something" for me, He was a tawny-gray Scotch terrier, a grand, loyal little dog and very much loved by all the family but especially by me. I should have listed him ahead of Keenie, as we had him after Elfie and just before Keenie, who came to us about 1895. So I must

Sam Keith's name on Bright Angel Hotel registers and introduced

funny - Papa invited him to join us while at the Canyon & forests.

Eastern artist  
I have a snapshot of him there, not very clear tho, Taken by Mr Covert who

have had Tawny in '94. He had a short life, poor little dog, about two years or less. He was hit over the back with a heavy stick by a miserable Jap worker hired by the man who had rented our ranch that year, and the poor little fellow never recovered. His spine was hurt, so he had to drag his hind legs, and soon died.

There were other dogs before these, but Tawny and Keenie were the outstanding ones in my life. Papa was very fond of Keenie and did his best to comfort him when I was away, and spoke of him in many of his letters to me. He said that Keenie stayed for awhile after I left for Daggett, at Wanda's, even after Papa returned from getting me settled, but later returned to the house on the hill to be near Papa and in his old home surroundings till he was taken in the box car with my horse to Daggett.

Answers to other questions.

Keith's pranks.

I have racked my brains to remember something to tell you of the fun Papa and Mr Keith had, and I can only recall the change of date of Papa's birth which you already know about. But I can add that this prank made my mother very angry, the only time I ever knew her to be angry with Mr Keith. I dont think Papa cared one way or another. I do remember them often laughing and cutting up and there was always fun when Mr Keith was there, but I cannot recall any particular prank. No, I cant remember the violin playing. As I think I told you in that long effort mailed last fall, Mr Keith had a lovely baritone voice and always sang for us, Mrs Keith at the piano. "The Spinning-wheel Song" was funny and he sang it just for me, but I cant recall anything more about it. Annie Laurie was a favorite with all of us. Remember I was a very little girl then. In later years when Mr Keith came to the house to visit there was less nonsense, but on that trip to the Grand Canyon and the Petrified Forests with Papa, Dr Taylor, Wanda and I, he was full of pranks on the Pullman, silly to tell perhaps but they kept us all laughing, even the young Pullman Conductor. If "Johnny" had an orange or an apple and didn't keep his eye on it, "Willie" had it, and so on and on, little silly jokes but there never was a more care-free jolly outing. But Mr Keith sobered quickly as soon as we got to the Canyon. Near Grandview Point he would sit for hours with his feet dangling over a rock, just looking. When he came in to the hotel and joined the rest of us in the evening he would look at Papa and shake his head saying "It's TOO BIG, I cant do it, it's TOO BIG", and I believe he later had very little to show for his trip, on canvas, I mean.

Early summer of 1904

On the Pullman returning from the Petrified Forest we were the only passengers between Adamana and Williams and we had the same Pullman Conductor, so as soon as we were settled in the train the fun went on. Here Dr Taylor's sonnet was composed at the far end of the car where he sought peace and quiet, then read to all of us. In a

from "Willie and Johnny"

few minutes Mr Keith also sought seclusion at the far end of the car, every little while looking up and catching some one's eye and looking extremely wise. At length <sup>he stood up and</sup> ~~he~~ read us his "Immortal" Lizard poem. It was a great success and entirely eclipsed Dr Taylor's sonnet for a while. ( I am glad you found my copy of it, tho I was ready and glad to give you another.) *No, it has no decorations.*

Dances.

I can remember only one neighborhood dance Papa took me to. It was at the Eliot ranch, a neighborhood gettogether and the dance floor was built out under some great old shade trees. It was in the late summer of 1906, soon after I returned from my year at Adamana. Papa seldom attended such affairs but for some reason he decided to go. He stood back and talked with the older people while I danced and talked with friends I had not seen for over a year. No, Papa never danced. He had no objection to Wanda and I learning to dance, and Mama engaged a girl dance teacher to come to our home and we (Wanda and I) learned in the big parlor to dance the two step and waltz and polka. Later while Wanda was at the University at Berkeley She took me down for dances at the Gamma Phi house, or would send for me and I would go to Berkeley alone. Neither Papa or Mama approved of us going to the public dances in Martinez. We never went to any evening entertainment there.

Papa often danced a jig for us when we were little girls and he showed us how the Highland fling was danced tho I dont imagine he showed us all it's steps, just the general idea. He also imitated the Highlander's bagpipes, very well too, as I realized many years later when I heard the real ones. *Papa used to tell us stories when we*

The walks in the hills are among my happiest childhood memories, but I hardly think the word "hilarious" best describes them, That word in my mind recalls noise or boisterousness and there was never any thing like that around Papa. He often laughed heartily, but NEVER loudly. So while our walks were always happy and often gay times they were never noisy ones. In the spring we had the wild flowers to enjoy and study too, for lessons in botony were part of the walks. We ~~chose~~ *often* our walks according to the plants we wanted to see, for some hill sides were blue with brodeas or larkspur, some rocky slope was gay with red Indian Paint Brushes, some open glade was knee-deep in Buttercups. And we knew cool, damp dells under the Laurels where Maidenhair Fern grew beside a little spring. We loved them all. And the Buckeye balls that were just starting a baby tree, two or three inches high, from their brown shells, acorns that had lain in the damp leaf mold till life was stirring within them - what interesting lessons these were for growing children. Our dog always went with us and enjoyed the walks as much as we did. How ~~they~~ *he* ran through the woods, chasing the squirrels into their holes,

*This was about '98 or '99 "To 'Mama" we learned to "Dance" the music of "Dance" where Fernie was born*

*from grass and made it! and what education he had*

*we were still living in the home (now Harris') so I was under five years old. These were continued or second stories, made up as he went along. The only one I remember was "Paddy Grogan" who went to Australia and learned anything about was of an Irish boy named*

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sometimes stirring up a cottontail or a bob cat. Some of the Latin names of the plants are still in my poor old head, but many are forgotten unless I read of them and then they are familiar again. Papa had a perfect memory and expected me to remember all I learned in those young years, I wish I could.

#### Other lessons.

I don't know if Wanda has told you of our other studies or if you are interested. In case you are, both Wanda and I from the time we could read, were given daily lessons to commit to memory. First such easy poems as Shelly's "Cloud", Scott's Lady of the Lake, or rather selections from the latter, Tennyson's Claribel, Lillian, The Owl, The Lady of Shalott, parts of Locksley Hall. Later selections from Shakespeare's plays, and selections from the Bible, many of the Psalms, and poems of Keats, Milton, and Longfellow and Burns. His belief was that these beautiful words learned at an early age were literally stored in our minds, to be drawn on and enjoyed all through life. (Turn to page 30 in vol. I of Dr. Bade's Life and Letters for Papa's own words in regard to these lessons).

Neither Wanda nor I attended public school till we went to High School. Wanda attended Miss Head's School in Berkeley and then went on to the University. There was no High School in or near Martinez until 1902, and I entered it that fall at its beginning. As I was then 16 years old I felt I must hurry so tried to cover the four year course in two years. There were no school buses in those days and I usually rode the two miles on horseback, sometimes in a buggy. My health broke and that was the beginning of the years of poor health that worried my mother and father the rest of their lives. More of this later with another question. Our first real schooling began when Miss Katherine Graydon came to our home and taught us, just how long I don't remember but it must have been from 1891 to '92 or part of '93. She was a teacher and we had regular school books in use at that time. For more about Miss Graydon I again refer you to the Life and Letters, vol. 2, page 126. After Miss Graydon left us we had another teacher, Miss Edith Blaisdell. She lived in Martinez but part of the time she boarded with us, returning home weekends, and part of the time riding back and forth on her saddle pony so she could help her mother evenings at home. I think she took <sup>Wanda</sup> ~~me~~ up to the sixth or seventh grade. When she had to leave us on account of death in her family and the care of an invalid brother, Wanda gave me daily spelling, reading, History, etc for about a year. Of course English was easy as I knew by heart so many things from the best writers, and I read in all my spare evening time. The Memorized lessons recited at Papa's arm chair continued till I was fifteen. After that I chose selections from the Poets myself and learned them. Some of it has been with me during long illnesses and trying times, but alas, so much did not stay stored. Again I regret my faulty memory. Though much can be blamed on the fact that for so many of my

*I don't remember how old Wanda was when she gave up the lessons from Papa.*



*after Buck's death*

young years after leaving Martinez I lived among people who neither knew or cared about good reading or works of the Poets, for nature study or any of the things I used to be interested in, so until I met Buel I had no one to really talk to, and then after our family came we were too busy with everyday affairs to have time to read or study as we used to do together. Buel did go on with his study of geology and mining while I was busy with babies, and this study was to reward him well in later years, when the depression drove him from business in Los Angeles back to the desert and to mining and milling gold ore in the hills above Amboy, ~~for~~ the boys now grown were with us there and learned enough with him that they were a little later able to carry on with the mine and mill and make the money that put us all back on our feet after Van Dyke and his son had ruined us as far as the ranch and water supply at Daggett was concerned. The three older boys cleared us completely and wiped the desert slate clean. This is getting pretty far afield from memory, but I bring it in to give my mind a little alibi, and get to rambling -

Prayers.

Papa had both Wanda and I learn the Lord's Prayer, but he did not teach us to pray. Our mother did however and I am sure Papa approved tho I cannot remember anything in particular said about it. Mama taught us the little children's prayer "Now I lay me down to sleep" etc. and I know I then added my own personal requests before saying amen. Whenever Papa was away on one of his trips Mama would come to my bedside after I was settled in bed and whisper "Pray that God watches over dear Papa and brings him safely home to us". *Mama's worry over Papa*

*(at that time my prayers were said in bed, not on my knees.)*

A personal God.

This is a hard question to answer. I am not sure how Papa felt about this. We never discussed it, but I feel in my own mind his conception of God was as a universal Power or Force governing the Universe, the laws of nature were only another way of saying the laws of God, or something very like that I once heard him tell some writer who had been questioning him. This of course was during his later years, for I am sure he had very different views toward God in his younger days. But it seems to me he must have felt his God in the mountains, glaciers, forests, all the out of doors he loved, for surely he worshiped them and through them he worshiped all Nature, God's works. Of course I am putting this very badly, but perhaps it is something of what you think he felt so you will understand what I am trying to say. Since Papa is gone I have wished so many times I had talked about just how he felt about things like this, especially what his conception of our hereafter was, and since I feel so strongly as I grow older that our "Heaven" should be a returning to earth to do the things left undone before and to redeem our past mistakes, each successive lifetime leaving fewer mistakes, fewer

*He understood best by other words of Epiphany, but I saw well understood her few too. His greatest fear hanging over her whenever she was in Alaska. He evidently had sometime expressed a desire or intention of climbing it.*

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regrets, This probably sounds very fantastic to you, and considering the present state of the world is also hopeless, but just the same I cant help wondering if perhaps Papa did'nt have some such idea instead of the orthodox Heaven of the golden streets and the everlasting harp playing. I do know that he once wrote to some one about life being far too short to do all the things he wanted to do and outlined his idea of how he wished time on earth might be spent, ( I have just looked it up in Life and Letters, it is in a letter to Mrs. Carr, in vol. I, page 140.) "Could we but live a MILLION of years, then how delightful to spend in perfect contentment so many thousand years in quiet study in college, so many amid the grateful din of machines, etc.) This was written when he was very young, of course, but I think as he grew older he must have formed definite ideas of his own of a hereafter. As I look back and wish I had asked Papa things that now must go unanswered, I realize that if I could have been with him longer than that last good year ( Aug. 1906 - Dec. 1907 )when we were closer than ever before, we no doubt would have had talks that would have been priceless, that would have been an endless comfort for me to remember. The fact that that last year was precious to him also has been of comfort to me in my regretful remembering of how little time I was able to give him after I left the old home on the hill. In answer to a letter of mine in which I made some worrying comment about the house, I cant remember what, he replied "Never mind the house, someone will buy it or I will myself. Any how we have had one good year of enjoyment out of it, which is pretty fortunate in this "Vale of tears" and sonsin law (T.R.H., I was not yet married then)and it will always be more and more beautiful while we own it". You will remember in so many of his letters Papa spoke of caring for the place, having the old Chinaman clean the vacant rooms, keep the garden and grounds free of weeds, and of his pride in the roses etc. and with this always a wistfull thread of longing that I might return to enjoy it with him and appreciate his care of the roses and trees I had so loved before I had to leave. In rereading all of Papa's letters last year before I left South Pasadena and in remembering almost forgotten conversations it finally came clear to me on what his hopes were grounded. It was that the babies and Buel and I spend our summers there with him in the old home, Buel to care for the ranch, and all of us to get away from the desert heat. I find in his letters over and over some worry about the babies suffering from the heat even if I didnt mind it. But Buel had no experience with a fruit ranch or fruit shipping. He did make several trips to Martinez to attend to some business matter that Papa wanted him to do for him so he could go on with his writing or fight for Hetch Hetchy. But he wanted to get into something of his own, and realizing I could'nt make Martinez my year round home at that time we both thought it best to buy a home of our own in the south somewhere. We chose Hollywood and moved from the Daggett ranch when my first boy(now Wayne,) was about six months old. It was a lovely new bungalow and I

(Summer 1911)

sketch feeling that might have been something of what he really felt in his own heart, sure -  
giving was -  
that he was always aware of time passing and of what he sometimes spoke of as "our long sleep" that was to come I am sure.  
For that reason he disliked seeing people sleep late mornings -  
He was always an early riser himself - his best work was done in the morning, after he had had his coffee -  
2 soft-boiled Egg with French bread and butter.  
Everything was set out ready for him, the night before, and he prepared the coffee and egg himself -  
after writing till about 10 o'clock he would come downstairs for his "second breakfast" -  
(Buel) hot oatmeal -  
always toasted the Quaker Oats in the oven before making the mush and he enjoyed this flavor with it he liked cream - a little sugar - At this

(over)

time of the day Papa and maunc always talked over whatever he was working on at the time - perhaps he would read to her something he had just written and ask her opinion, or discuss some plan he had for a future book or series of articles, or plans for a trip. Or he would read her a letter from a friend they were both fond of, or if guests were coming they discussed meeting trains, etc. It was a happy, relaxed time for Papa. For several years we had a San Francisco paper thrown from the mail car of a Santa Fe eastbound train that passed about 11 o'clock. I usually (after I dropped out of high school) rode out to the viaduct on my horse and picked the paper up. When I was not there the old chieftain seen, walked over and got it. Then Papa read the paper till about lunch time at noon - a simple lunch, then back to write until he became fagged some time about the middle of the afternoon. Then came our happy walk in the hills, unless his sister Margaret was not well - in that case he went to her and spent in a visit with her the time we usually spent in the hills. Often, in fact usually our hill walks ended up with a short visit to Aunt Margaret. She looked forward to these daily visits right up to the time of her death, and when he wrote me when she passed away, he said it was a comfort to him to know that his presence at her bedside seemed very dear to each other. I always sensed they were closer than the other sisters and brothers were - tho he loved them all. But with his understanding between <sup>them</sup> there was with his sisters, especially Aunt Margaret. Aunt Sarah Galloway lived with us, about one year, I think part of 1901 and 1902. She was very sweet. She and I corresponded up to a few months before his death.

(now go back to top of page 9 - over)

had hopes that Papa would come and stay with us there, as I had a room for him and a nother room where he could write, and Mrs Thompson, who ~~had done~~ <sup>did</sup> his typing while he was at Hooker's, could come daily to help him. He did come later on and do some work there, a couple of times, but it was so hard for him to bring the many notebooks and other things he needed, and he constantly worried that his being there made me more work. The damp climate was not agreeing with me and he of course worried. When we finally decided to move back to the desert on account of my health Papa realized he should not worry so about the heat for me, but he feared it would be hard on the babies while ~~the~~ <sup>they</sup> weething, so the old hope returned that I bring them to the old home for awhile each summer, ~~what~~ whether Buel could leave or not. But it is hard to leave home, ( we had built a new cottage under great cottonwood trees on the ranch in 1913) and pack up with two or three little folks, the youngest a nursing baby, and go with them to a new climate, and it just could'nt be worked out. Even after all these years of regret that I could'nt share my time with Papa as he hoped I would after I was married, I still cannot see how I could have done any thing but what I did. Stay at home and raise my little boys and keep our home and help Buel in every way I could. For there is so little time in life - again the cry of not enough time - I was twenty-three when I married and the following years were full and slipped by all too fast.

Of Papa's death I can add nothing to what you know. I was so heartbroken at the time I could scarcely bear to hear anything Buel could tell me about it, and that was very little, ~~as~~ Buel was asleep at the hotel, as death came early in the morning, and the fact that Papa did'nt have any one of us with him at the last made it all the more unbearable for me and Buel did'nt dare tell me then that even the nurse was out of the room. He did tell me that Dr. Cole was not there but that his associate, Dr. Allen, was with Papa at the last and that all that could be done for him was done. Dr. Cole in urging me to send Papa to the hospital against his will (He did'nt want to leave my house and we had to make him go, another heartbreaking thing for me to have to remember,) told me that Papa could have help and care there that I could not give him in a desert home, and that I would never forgive myself if I did not try to have him have all that could possibly be done for him in a hospital. And that being exposed to pneumonia or the upsets of ~~rutine~~ routine necessary to a train trip and hotel rooms in winter, would be too bad for little John, six months old whom I was then nursing, and he forbade me to go with Papa, for the baby's sake. Perhaps Doctor thought my going would so upset the baby I might lose him too, I dont know, and that if that happened I would have done no <sup>also</sup> good for Papa and would never have forgiven myself for harming my baby. However, it was, it was a cruel decision. I should have ~~been~~ <sup>been</sup> with Papa if my being there would have given him comfort as I know it would have had he been conscious as the last came, after all so little to do

*I hope it is clear to you that  
 that he needed and missed me sorely Papa never wished me to stay single in order  
 that he have me with him always. He once told me that it was "unnatural" for  
 a woman to stay single, and again "if you find a man you feel you can't live  
 without - take him". (over)*

Of course Papa regretted I didn't fall in love with some man with more of Papa's interests - a scientist or Explorer, or even a student of some of the natural sciences, and before I left home several times expressed some surprise that I had not fallen in love with some of the young men, and one not so young - who came often to our home, but he agreed that the choice was mine, not his. He always liked Buel, but did not like the name Frank and if it had not been the bitterness Buel's mother felt against our changing to Mein - a sort of jealousy, I suppose, the boys would have borne that name from the time of their birth. But anyhow as the boys developed Papa thought a great deal of them and his wish that they carry on his name became stronger as time went on. And they are proud to bear it now, especially as their father wished it that way too.

//

for a father who had given me a lifetime of utter devotion and love. But I did what I was told at the time was best for all, and I now have a dear, loyal son grown to manhood who has been a joy and comfort to me all his life, he who was the little six months old baby that terrible December, 1914.

*doctors*

As for the pages of manuscript, I don't know about them either. Someway Dr. Bade understood they were spread out on Papa's bed when the end came. Perhaps they were, but he was so very sick before he left my home it is hard to understand how he could have had strength to take interest in them when he was dying. Of course they may have given him some stimulant that gave him a ~~false~~ false strength and he no doubt felt the darkness drawing near and tried to do some last bit of correcting before night fell. It could well be. During the first day Papa was with me at Daggett and before he fell so ill, he spoke of the manuscript he had brought with him, and how thankful he was that it was about finished, how it had taken him so much longer to write the book than he had expected. (Travels in Alaska.) I don't remember any talk of future work, only how glad he was to be on the desert to rest, how good the dry air seemed to him. As I told you, we took a short walk along the edge of an alfalfa field and to the edge of the desert, perhaps a mile altogether, and Papa picked several wild plants and told me their names and reminded me where he had showed me different varieties of the same plants in the mountains in Arizona. He was contented and showed no ~~sign~~ sign of worry over his health. It was the next day toward evening that after sitting before my open fire he got up to go to the bathroom and suddenly pitched forward against the mantel. Buel's mother was in the room at the time and she helped me get him into bed. We called our local doctor and then also wired to Los Angeles for Dr. George L. Cole who came on the first train he could get, with a nurse. The rest I have already told you, as well as part of this, and there is nothing more I can add. Wanda reached Los Angeles after Buel wired her, and she and Buel were on the train with the casket when I joined them at Barstow and we went back to Martinez, or rather Muir station. Wanda had Robert with her and I had little John. Robert was four months old. It rained terribly the day before the funeral and that seemed so cruel. Mama had often spoken of how hard it had rained on their wedding day, but this was worse. However it did clear the day of the funeral but was so muddy and wet. It is raining hard here in San Bernardino this afternoon as I write. (It is now March 3.)

#### My illness.

As I told you somewhere else in this letter (?) I was working very hard with my studies at high school, studying till midnight and then riding or driving through fog or rain much of the time to school. I took cold and it hung on and finally turned into pneumonia. This was in the early part of December, 1903. Papa was away on his <sup>long</sup> trip with Prof. Sargent. Had he been home I doubt

These days tried when I wrote this so am all mixed up - here are connections - this trip first described was in summer of 1904, after the trip to Oregon with first etc in June or early July. Did not go back to school.

We had had another trip in 1903, but that was before I had pneumonia. Papa liked to always call his "Miss Safford" trip.

if he would have allowed me to study so hard or to go to school in bad weather, but I was so anxious to hurry ~~thru~~ through school I over-ruled my dear mother and went on. I can imagine what a double horror my awful illness must have been to Mama, not only the worry over me she herself felt as I lay unconscious three days and the doctor would give her little hope for my recovery, but also what she might have to tell Papa, then on the other side of the world from us. But I recovered at last, and when Papa returned in June I thought I was as well as ever. That July <sup>1904</sup> Wanda got up a little camping trip into the Sierras, a few of her College friends, with Miss Safford a Gamma Phi house mother, as chaperon. We went to Big Tuolumne Meadows, Lake Tenaya and finally camped in Yosemite under the Royal Arches to finish our trip. Before starting on this trip my doctor, a local Martinez man, merely said "Be careful", not explaining how easy it would be to hurt my lungs in a high altitude after so severe an attack of pneumonia, and so I had no idea how careful I should be. Papa worried about me going but trusted that Miss Safford would look out for me and he warned Wanda too. Well, we set out and no one in the crowd had the slightest idea why I should'nt climb mountains and walk the fastest and the farthest each day, Miss S. least of all. In the first place she was an utterly selfish woman, also a very foolish one, but Papa and Mama did not find that out till much later. So the crowd urged me to race on long hikes, to be the first one to reach the summit of Mt. Dana, etc. There was an extra saddle horse part of the time, but Miss S. must always have it, even after my health began to break, and it was not till I became really ill and just able to walk at all that Wanda became alarmed and saw that I sometimes rode, and that I took malted milk tablets between meals, and a drink of whiskey at night when my chest was congested. We finally got back to Crocker's station in the sugar pines, (near Carl Inn) and Wanda and a few others stayed on there a week or so for me to rest up and get to feeling better before coming home. Helen Swett went on home, and called on Papa and Mama to report on our trip, and when she said I was staying on to "rest", Papa at once told Mama "She has hurt those sick lungs". But I was able to go to school a couple of months before I began to fail, then stayed at home that winter, just resting and not going out except in good weather. The dreaded T.B was starting it's work. However this rest at home set me back on my feet and the trouble, just beginning, was arrested, so by spring I seemed well again. That May I had several little outings with Papa, and in June we had the memorable trip to the Canyon and Petrified Forest with Keith, Dr Taylor, and part of the trip the eastern artist, Oscar Coast, was with us. This was June, 1904. In July Wanda again got up our trip to the mountains, but I was much more careful this time and as we spent most of the time coming in Hetch Hetchy and in Yosemite and I did no hard climbing I got along better. But the winter fogs bothered me so, and I spent another winter at home, and a nagging pain was with me.

for the time being  
mainly late  
early July

including the ride on the locomotive from Stockton to Minn station, and we had the hill walks as often as possible and fattened the chery - Under hawthorn up at the tunnel entrance for the engineers while cherries were ripe - But I was growing thinner and coughing more, with a nagging chest pain, 10

Mr Koopers' warm  
hospitality toward us  
and his understanding  
and sympathy were a  
comfort to us, and our  
Papa made a lasting  
impression.

12  
Guiney

~~and spring didn't improve it, so~~ my doctor advised a stay in the desert for awhile. Papa decided Palm Springs would be a good place to go first, and later after a rest there we were to go on to Wilcox, Arizona. Through his friend J.D. Hooker, in Los Angeles, Papa had a letter to Mr. William Hooker, J.D.'s brother, who had a big cattle ranch twenty miles south of Wilcox. (I have finally thought it all out and I am certain William Hooker was the "Don Pedro" Papa wrote of as helping us in our great trouble.) For when we arrived at Wilcox there was a telegram waiting for us from our Martinez doctor saying Mama was seriously ill and for us to return home. It was decided that Wanda was to return on the next train, and Papa and I would go out to the ranch for one day. We then returned to Martinez. Mama had been in poor health for years, but was up and about tho living quietly and never going out. But all the troubles she had had for years finally reached a crisis<sup>show</sup>. As you have never asked me anything about my mother's illness I suppose Wanda must have told you about her. After reaching home my trouble grew steadily worse. I was losing weight and coughing badly, so it was decided to again send me to a dry climate. As neither Papa nor Wanda could leave Mama to go with me, and some other person had to go, Miss Safford was at last reluctantly chosen. This was a chance for her to see the petrified forests, and a nice trip, but she charged Papa \$150. and left my tent set in a low spot that later turned into a puddle, but after she was gone I got all straightened out. That leavetaking from my mother was a terrible thing for both of us. She knew as well as I that we would never see each other again, I was her "baby" and I was going away sick to be among strangers -- and I was supposed to pretend she would be able to join me in Arizona later on -- I ~~kept~~ managed to go through with it till I got out of her room and her hearing. And I'm crying now as I write this to you. A few days later Papa joined me at Adamana. I saw him coming from the station and went to meet him, he just took me in his arms. Later we took a walk away from the house and he told me about ~~things~~. Still later Wanda came and Papa returned home to pick up the loose ends in his broken ~~home~~. I not only could not be with him there when he needed me, but I was soon to cause him additional worry. For later that summer, toward fall I somehow got Pneumonia again. Wanda was there, and the attack was not as terrible as the first one, but I was sick enough and I shudder in remembering it. I was in a tent, my bed on the tent floor and ~~while~~ I was so sick it seemed I would never be well or comfortable again. But again to poor Papa's joy I recovered. He came to Adamana when I was over the worst, Wanda did'nt tell him at once, and he stayed with me till I was up and around once more. It was while I was unable to ride or take trips with him that Papa made his first trip to the Black Forest and for the first time found the trees with the markings that gave him his first inkling of what these trees had been and in what period they had lived. He came back happy and excited to tell me about

over

09250

When a very quiet place, a few cottages and small ad buildings that were built around the old beach, I saw out his wife. Dr. Murray. When we got there we found the kitchen and the guest (then my home) and they were with us the three weeks we were at Palm Springs and camped all in the Indian Canyon - all reaching the place and I was just met by you. (over)

Jan 20, 1900



and soon afterwards married him - We had met him in 1901, on the trip to Tuolumne Meadows etc with Dr Merriam and his family. That was our first Sierra trip. Papa took Nanda and I and a Sorority sister of Nanda's Grace Faulds. Mr Gant was one of Dr Merriam's biological collectors, <sup>on that trip</sup> and <sup>later</sup> was at Palms Springs to trap small mammals - chipmunks and rabbits - when Mrs Jones met him and they fell in love.

### Black wood -

Strangely no one else has seemed to have stumbled onto what these trees are, at their period in time - Specimens of marked, dark colored petrified wood just like that Papa found, has after been found in coal mines in the coal, so why should it be so hard for anyone else to recognize it there? I suppose no one else has really given it any study. No geologists came to Adamanau during our stay there.

what he had found, and he had been teaching Jim Donohue who took him out there, the strange names, Lepedodendron, Sigillaria, etc. From then on Papa spent every day it was possible to be out, examining and studying specimens in the Black or North Forest. He would return to Martinez to attend to things at home, answer the accumulated mail, and as soon as he could leave again he returned to me and his absorbing new interest, his carboniferous trees. Even tho snow lay on the ground we rode over to study the old, old trees, and to both of us they were far more real as trees than in any of the other more frequently visited groups. In the spring (1906) all through the violent spring winds, which blew from three to seven days in one continuous screech without a lull, we rode daily to study and learn. It was five miles from Adamana to the edge of the Bad Lands where the black wood lay, and ten or twelve to some of the finest groups of trees and stumps. I can still remember Papa's whiskers blowing in the wind as he examined with his pocket lens some especially telling bit of a long, long ago forest. Somewhere about this time he went to the University library and looked up the old carboniferous trees, and the little note book you showed me was the result of his studies there. He also wrote with enthusiasm to Underwood Johnson of the Century Magazine of his new discoveries and it was arranged for Papa to write an article about them for the Century. He had fully decided to write a book about the wonderful regeon too, and he had me take many pictures for him to use in it, and as I had been with him through it all, it was to be "my book", the dedication to me as sharer of his discoveries and study long days in the wind and sun. In early April we set up a tent in the Bad Lands, and Jim had a team and light wagon there to take us all over the forest and save time coming and going fom Adamana. We spent two weeks there. An unusually hard sand storm came so it was impossible to do much study, so Jim went over to Adamana for the mail, and Papa <sup>and I</sup> were in the tent, our blankets around us and half - burried in drifted sand, he writing up his notes and I reading, when Jim returned with mail and a San Francisco newspaper telling of the earthquake and fire. That was the first we knew of it. A week later we received a letter from Wanda telling of the damage to our house. Somehow it seemed very unreal away out there among the red buttes. After our camp in the forest Papa returned to Martinez and set the old Chinaman to clean-up the fallen plaster and chimney bricks. During this upset time May and Arthur Coleman offered Papa their home until our's was repaired and livable again. They also offered it to Wanda to be married in and she ~~acc~~ accepted their offer, her wedding was June 20th, 1906. But of course she told you this. My health by now was so much improved we began to plan for my return home. Papa wanted to take me on a side trip with him on the way home, so about the end of July we left the stone trees and Adamana cabin, and yes, the Adamana bed bugs too, and stopped off at Williams, first hiring a man with saddle horses and going to the summit of the

Perhaps there are dates in it?

During the early spring -  
I almost think Papa had a  
few weeks earlier with his plan  
to visit for us. Still slept in  
storm tent unless a bad wind  
blow down, here there was a  
place to dress in and a shelter  
to keep our things.

Flagstaff

15

highest San Francisco peak, and then in a wagon with a team we went north of Flagstaff through the Painted Desert and the Navajo reservation to the Little Colorado and it's canyon where it joins the Grand Canyon. A grand trip, never to be forgotten. The man who owned the horse<sup>s</sup> and light wagon did the very simple cooking, and I was not allowed to lift a finger with the camp work. I was sitting in the wagon after supper one evening enjoying the sunset, and Papa was fixing the beds, and the man of work washing up our dishes, when a young Navajo rode quietly into camp and sat his horse while he looked us over. He kept turning to me with puzzled eyes and frank disapproval because I was idle and the men working. After a week spent along the rim of the Canyon we came back to Flagstaff and went on to Williams by train, the following day going to the Canyon where we spent several days riding along the rim and through the pine woods. Then we returned home. Tom and Wanda were living in the back of the old home, but Tom had not yet gotten any repairing done to chimneys or walls, and Papa was much disgusted, as he had wanted things fixed up when I got home. However he attended to it himself and later had the lower rooms remodeled, bought drapes and hangings and new rugs for me, and soon we had a lovely home. We hired a Jap boy to cook and clean, and I taught him to answer the phone and the door bell. That left me free all morning to be in Papa's study to answer his letters, and type his manuscripts. After lunch I was to ride horseback, or go for walks if Papa could be with me. That summer Tallulah Le Conte Elston and Ione Garnett Rainy, both minus the last names then, spent much time ~~with me, part of the time~~ when Papa had to be away on short trips, and then we had with us an old lady, who had long been a friend of my mother's, Mrs. Hathaway, a dear understanding old lady whom we girls all loved. When Papa was busy with writing I had no company, my time was all for him. That was our happy year. We were closer then than ever before, and while my health was good I was no longer a worry to Papa. I spent some time planting roses around the grounds and climbers on the walls, and beds of Shasta daisies on the sunny side of the old garden, violets in the shade. I was so fond of violets I could scarcely have enough of them, so Papa always brought me a bunch from San Francisco on his weekly trips there. Violets and candy, just like a lover. Happy days gone, but I dont forget them. Sometime during this year (1906 - 7) Papa wrote to some famous Geologist in Scotland, sending him specimens of his carboniferous wood, asking him his opinion. This man whose name I have forgotten, but whose opinion Papa valued, replied promptly and agreed with all Papa's findings. I think Papa also wrote to someone in England with the same results, but I am not certain of that. He kept the Scotch Geologist's letter. I wish we could find it. And those Arizona notebooks, they have caused me many sleepless nights wondering about them, And I have decided that Papa must have put them in the Bank in his box where he sometimes kept his most valuble

most of

notebooks at one time. I just wonder if they have been overlooked. I think he kept such things in a safty deposit box in the Bank of Martinez. I cannot see how any of his notebooks would be destroyed or just lost when all the others were kept. And I know he had at least one notebook, a little brown paper covered book just like the one he copied drawings and notes on Carboniferous trees from the library books, which you have. I even have a picture of him resting in the scanty shade of a rock in the Bad Lands at noon and writing up his discoveries of the morning. And at home in our cabin at Adamana each evening he wrote up the days' findings, etc. for these notes were the foundation of the book he planned to write. I simply cannot rest satisfied till they are found. So unless they are found in the old house where Wanda lived I am going to write to the Bank of Martinez and ask them if there is anything of Papa's there. That it is not impossible for them to be overlooked is borne out by the fact that a small sum of money, \$19.15, left in the Bank of Martinez from an old account of mine when I spent that last year there, 1907, was forgotten and lay there, with nothing said about it, till the summer of 1941, when someone in the bank asked Wanda where I was, telling her of the money left there all those years. It happened Bob and Mary Hanna were coming through Los Angeles on their way to Phoenix a few days later and told me of it, bringing a blank check so I could draw it out. The bank, it seemed, had finally tired of having it there, or finally remembered, or something.

I must now get back to the ending of our happy year, and also finish up my illnesses so <sup>you</sup> can get them straight. In the late <sup>summer</sup> fall of 1907 Papa went on a trip of two <sup>or three</sup> ~~or three~~ weeks, I cannot remember where or ~~with whom he went, but~~ While he was away I again fell ill. As autumn drew on I began to tire easier, lost weight, and coughed a little, and then first thing I knew a terrible attack of pleurisy had me. I tried to keep going which was a mistake, but finally when the day came I could not lift my saddle on to my horse, I gave up, then in a few days was down with my third attack of pneumonia, this time bronchial pneumonia with it's quick choking cough to rack my pleurisy. All this time I had hoped to get well before I had to tell Papa about it and before I was stricken down had written I was feeling better. I had been staying with Wanda in her home, the adobe near the big house on the hill, this time Papa was away, and when a neighbor who had met him at Martinez brought him into Wanda's yard it was a dreadful ~~shock~~ shock to find the doctor's buggy there. I finally pulled through, painfully, with a trained nurse from the city, and when I could creep out into the sun at last, Papa told me he felt badly that I had lied to him when I wrote I was better and in reality was sick then. I told him it was to save him from worry, as I knew he would end his trip and come hurrying home if I admitted I felt badly, but promised I would never do it again. After this illness the T.B "bugs" really went to work. Tho I did nothing but rest after I was able to

*Looking up Papa's account of this summer he was with E. H. Haganian at his summer camp at Adamana Sale, Oregon. See pages 21-22 - in Haganian's list by Papa*

*That is the way T. B does - you get better for awhile, then if you overdo or get too tired it creeps up on you while you resist it is low. It is evident to me now that I was too active much of the time during the first desert exile periods and that I probably had the trouble directed there.*

go home, with a housekeeper, (the Jap boy had long since departed,) and a companion from Martinez, I was sick and miserable. At this time lumps slowly developed on ribs on both sides where the pleurisy had been so long. Papa was distracted and didn't know what to do, when Mr. Keith advised Papa to take me to Dr. Herbert Moffitt in San Francisco and have Xrays taken. This he did, and after the diagnosis of affected spots in both lungs, and a ~~tubercular~~ tubercular growth on the ribs, I was told the best thing I could do was to spend about two years somewhere on the desert. Poor Papa, up to then he just couldn't believe I had T B, and even then he would say when telling friends about my illness, "She is recovering from pneumonia", or that "she has had pneumonia". Then came a spell of the heavy winter fog that hung on for days and I felt worse and worse, so haste must be made to get me into a dry climate. Papa knew not where to take me. <sup>this time</sup> Adamana was too far away for Papa to be with me as much as he wished without neglecting his work which had already been sadly neglected because of me and my illnesses. So he wrote to Mr. T.P. Lukens, Mrs. Helen Gaut's father and an old friend of our's and asked if he could suggest some spot on the Mojave desert, near Barstow perhaps, where I could have eggs and milk, and could keep my saddle horse with me. I have already told you of our arrival at Daggett two days before Christmas, 1907, so will skip it here. Only let me say again before going on, that in view of the trouble The Van Dykes later caused us all, and the utterly contemptable people they proved themselves to be, I beg you to mention them in connection with us in this book as little as possible, and to leave out, whenever quoting Papa's letters to me at Daggett the "regards to the good old Judge" etc. Please. In the spring of 1908 I had the Grippe, and then in some way, probably through milk from cows that drank from a sometimes stagnant water pool on the ranch, I developed a sort of "walking typhoid" as the local doctor called it, and he advised me to go to a Los Angeles hospital for care. Buel and I were then engaged, and he took me to the California Hospital, where I asked for Dr. George L. Cole and gave him a letter of introduction from the elder V.D. I had accepted this because I knew no doctor in Los Angeles. At this time Papa was with Mr. Harriman in his private car somewhere in the Imperial Valley and knew nothing of my sickness as I had not known where to reach him before I left Daggett. But in some way a letter from Arthur Coleman reached him saying I was sick in some Los Angeles hospital with typhoid fever. He <sup>(Coleman)</sup> got it that I was ill from a letter I wrote Wanda, I suppose, and as was his way, made it as bad as possible, so when Papa finally reached Los Angeles, that was the time he came into my room pale and almost ill himself, with anxiety. And that was the time Mr. Harriman sent his own personal physician to see me, and later when I was much better Mary Harriman came to see me, and was so interested in my horseback riding and free life on the desert.

And so that winds up the serious sick spells that

*Probably Arthur Coleman's letter was waiting at some hotel address, or friends' home address Papa may have left him. I do not remember if the Harriman party had a special train or special car - I think the later. But there was no hurried trip to reach me - Papa didn't know I was ill till the party reached Los Angeles, I think. Remember stop your own room of that name the hospital that time*

were such a worry and distraction to the most devoted father, deserving of a healthy daughter, if father ever was. Of course I was ill many times after that while he was living, but those I have told of were the ones that most worried him. I came across a letter from him written after receiving one from me in 1913, soon after we moved to the town of Daggett from Hollywood, telling him of a severe burn I had, when I dropped two quarts of boiling ~~potatoes and water~~ potato water and mashed potatoes, (Fal yeast) on my foot and suffered a third degree burn. "I think you must have been born unlucky", he writes. It is sometimes a compensation to think he did not have to worry over my later complete break in health and the present heart trouble and hardened arteries.

I think now I have answered all your questions probably at much greater length than you expected, but I have tried to give you details that might help you know Papa and the atmosphere of our life. If I have mentioned anything you want clarified, let me know. I only hope I am not too late with this "volume" of odds and ends. But as I said before, I could'nt have answered all your questions at the time I received your letters.

As to that quotation "The Eternal Events pile up", you must have found that in a letter read at my home in Eagle Rock that time you copied some of them, for I did not tell you of it, tho I did speak of his saying, "The Eternal Unfitness of Things," and so thought you might have confused my saying into it, but I feel sure now they are separate lines, and the first came out of a letter. I cannot remember where but there is an example of my quotation in a letter in Dr. Bade's book in which Papa complains of "The eternal unfitness of civilized things".

You once told me that there was some sort of scandal about Papa and Mrs Hutchings. What was it and where did you get the information? I cant believe there is any base to it. I know that Papa did not like Mr. Hutchings, and can remember hearing him tell Mama how mean and unjust a man he was, but there was never anything about Mrs. H. save that she had been friendly and kind to him. In fact he remarks in just about those words, his feelings toward the Hutchings. There were bound to <sup>be</sup> unkind things sometimes said of a man as unusual as Papa was, especially as he did not think as others did. And there were people who grabbed at any hint of wrong because there was so little they could find against him. Like the report the Hetch Hetchy wanters circulated about Papa sawing up the Yosemite trees. But however it may be I would like to know how you learned of it. And I sincerely hope you will not use anything you have heard in the book, for why sully the name of the most morally clean man I have ever known? And I cant beleive it is true. One reason I have for that belief, beyond the fact he was so morally clean, is that I think he would have told me of it if there was any scandal. For as I grew up he did tell me of advances women had made to him and talked frankly about it. And from that and things

See letters in Dr. Bade's book.

79  
Mama said he told her I feel certain he had no secrets in his life. Mrs Emily Pelton Wilson loved him, but he was just a friend to her, a very loyal and life-long friend. Mrs. Wilson came to visit us when I was about sixteen, and I liked her very much. It was after this visit that Mama told me of her unhappy love for Papa and that while "she respected her husband but she did not love him". I asked then "why did she marry him then?" and Mama replied "because she couldn't have the one she wanted." There was no hint of scandal here, merely a one-sided love. I know of several older women who were very fond of him, after Mama's death. He told me frankly of these things. At one time Wanda was much disturbed because she was afraid Papa would marry again. He discussed that with me too.

Well here it is March 4th and still raining. I began this February 26. In between writing I have had a nice visit from my eldest son, Wayne and his family. He is now working as an airplane mechanic at the Army Flying School at Twenty-Nine Palms, on the desert, and enjoys his work. I also had Stan and his wife and little stepson with me over Sunday. My youngest son, Walter who lives here in San Bernardino will soon be able to walk without crutches and return to his work at the great Airfield here. He broke his ankle in the joint, while working at the field, and was in the hospital over Christmas. He is now almost well. He and his wife come to see me almost every day. The LEAK in my roof has been fixed but the way the rains continue I think I am going to have to ask my landlord to build an ark for Peppy and I, and have it handy. Is it raining up your end of the state too?

In looking over your letters I find a page I missed, where you ask if it was in the fall of 1904 I climbed Mt. Brewer? No, I climbed Mt. Brewer with the Sierra Club in the summer of 1902, and the mountain had nothing to do with any later ill health. But the "try out" climb of Goat Mountain which the leaders, Mr. Le Conte, Mr. Colby, and Mr. Parsons organized to discourage poor climbers from attempting Mt. Brewer about a week later, was, as one of my doctors thinks, the start of my heart trouble, for during the fast climb in high altitude I very much enlarged my heart and tho it caused me no trouble then, my doctor thinks it was the start of the later trouble, for there seems to be little doubt that injury is often caused by an extreme exertion, especially in a high altitude. The leaders set such a fast pace that only hardy climbers could keep up with them, the idea being thereby to weed out any one who might lag by the way and cause trouble on the more difficult Brewer climb. So very soon people began dropping out, Wanda among them, but I was anxious to try and make the summit, so went on with the others. It was a terrible strain on lungs and heart for any one, for we climbed 8000 feet in six hours, starting at an altitude of about 4000 feet. Papa was much displeased when he heard about it, he had no idea I had hurt myself, but he said the object of the club outing was to help and encourage people

*I climbed Mt. Dana in 1904 -  
certainly doing myself no good.*

*over*

The Club leaders had good reason for not wanting too many inexperienced climbers on the Mt Brewer climb! Near the summit of Brewer the way leads along a narrow ledge of loose rocks, a sheer wall on one side, a sheer drop into the amphitheater on the other. Sometime before our climb perhaps 10 days, two young men, not with the club, made the climb and one of them slipped and fell here killing him. There were a large number of club members registered for the Brewer trip, <sup>and there</sup> ~~several~~ the leaders feared might drop out on the climb, and were not capable of returning to camp above or continuing the climb alone after they rested. So to "scare these out" they adopted the "strengthen" try out "climb up Goat Mountain. They wanted no tragedy like that of the poor young man, to mar our climb. Of course Papa understood all that, but he thought they choose the wrong way.



in their mountaineering, not to set a pace they were unable to keep up with. And that one thousand feet an hour was fast climbing for a seasoned mountaineer, let alone beginners, as many of the Club members were, on that outing. And we had been led to climb faster than one thousand feet an hour. Papa had not been with us at the beginning of the outing, as he and Mr Keith had been with the Hooker party, joining the Club after the Brewer side trip. After that the crowd began thinning out, many of the Club members going home, and Papa took, Wanda and I, Mrs Helen Jones<sup>ne</sup> (Mrs Gaut) & a friend of Papa's named Ellis, into Paradise Canyon for a three day trip. We had a burro~~s~~ to carry our bedding and food, and saw some very wild country. I don't mean it was rough or difficult to walk in, but it was so full of wild animals and seemed so untouched by humans. I remember the tall red tiger lilies along the river where the trail led. I constantly felt wild creature's eyes upon me, and the little burro~~s~~ felt them too. He kept very close to us at all times, and during the night came as close as his rope would let him. Mrs Jones took some nice pictures of Papa on that trip, among them the one on the granite boulder, used on the cover of one of the pamphlets on Kings River. In the meantime the Hooker party had gone on to Kern Canyon, and after seeing Wanda and I on the train at Visalia, I think Papa joined them. After leaving Kings Canyon after the Paradise trip he had taken us to the Giant Forest. We had saddle horses and rode all through the glorious trees, and Papa showed us a camp of his that he had enjoyed long ago. It all ended too soon for I had to get to the lowlands and enter High School.

And now it is March 6, I have<sup>had</sup> a company both yesterday and today, but I am going to get this mailed tomorrow if I have to sit up all night. And in reading this stuff over it is rather confusing, I'm afraid, so if you can't make out all the trips or anything else, let me know right away and I'll promptly answer any questions so you won't be delayed any longer.

I have forgotten whether I ever gave you a complete description of Papa's study? Once last year when I was thinking about the study I ~~one day~~ tried to draw it so you would get an idea of it, but alas, you would have known less than before if I had sent you the pitiful attempt. However it is clear in my mind so I could tell you how it was, but I am not sure I have't already told you. There was one picture taken of Papa at his desk, (the flat top one he used for writing), <sup>set in the North Windows</sup> (the roll top was used only for pictures, specimens, odds and ends he had picked up on his trips, and the drawers for photographs and note books.) with some of his book cases in the background. It was taken by a local photographer about 1897, I think. Have you ever run across it?

I don't know if these will interest you or not, but I happened to think of how Wanda and I used to run to meet Papa. From the time I could run, I guess, I always went down the walk from the house to the packing

house at the foot of the hill, when I saw Papa start up toward the house. This was when I was under five years, living in the house on the "upper ranch", (now Hanna's) There used to be a concrete walk from the house down through a long grape arbor to the packing house. Wanda and I would watch for Papa to start up the walk, then ~~down~~ we ran into his arms. After we moved to the big house on the hill, after Grandpa Strentzel's death, we always watched for Papa coming in his buggy from town, and ran as far as the creek bridge, to climb in the buggy and ride up the driveway with him, except on wet rainy nights, of course, when we listened eagerly for his step on the front porch and threw open the door for him. It was on such a night that after I had my kiss, he told me to put my hand into his overcoat pocket and "find something" -- a little terrier puppy, Tawny. After the Santa Fe was completed through our place, with Muir station, of course Papa always went to the city on one of the local trains, and then I always walked to the station with him and met him in the evening. Sometimes I met him with the horse and buggy, and dear old Keenie sitting up in the seat with me, much interested in everything. Papa always brought us something. While Wanda was at home it was usually a big box of candy for us to share, or cookies or bananas. After she left for Miss Head's School in Berkeley and later the University, it was candy and fruit, <sup>or bananas</sup> for Mama and I. When finally there was just me at home he brought the violets and chocolates each week, sometimes a potted flower for my room, and magazines. But always some gift, with loving remembrance behind it. And all the while I lived at Adamana I had reminders of his thoughtfulness, for whenever he was at Martinez he sent us from Goldberg, Bowen's in San Francisco, box after box of what he called "Odds and ends", goodies of every sort that he could think of that I might like. Canned meats and sardines and olives and various crackers and cookies and orange marmalade (from Dundee, Scotland) and dried fruits and nuts and candy and bar chocolate. Sometimes a box of oranges or apples, or fresh pineapples and fresh coconuts. The food at Adamana was very poor, no vegetables and very little variety of anything, so these boxes of "Odds and ends" were a blessing, and he never forgot to send them. He continued to send them up to the time Buel and I moved from Daggett to Hollywood, as well as a constant stream of boxes of fruit from the ranch and from the trees around my old house. Once on a train he met a brakeman he and I had known while I lived at Adamana. Papa and I had once gone on a freight train from Adamana to Gallup, New Mexico, for a little trip, and had ridden in the caboose. This brakeman was on that train, and he and the conductor had treated us <sup>cupola</sup> wonderfully, letting us sit up in the ~~cupola~~ (I guess that's how you spell it) where we had a fine view, and this brakeman had gone into a refrigerator car and brought us a dish pan full of perfect bananas. At Adamana one hot summer day this brakeman, Mr. Pittman brought over a great block of ice for the family I was

boarding with, so we could all have ice cream. But after leaving Arizona we had lost track of him. But now he saw Papa and told him he had learned where I was living by having seen a box of fruit addressed to me at Daggett, in the freight shed at Bakersfield.

Well I guess this is all. I keep thinking of little things, and of things Papa said, but do not know if you want them. I realize I have written a lot here that can only help you by perhaps giving a glimpse of all sides of Papa's nature, and of our life together. If it is of any help, then I am glad. I would appreciate a note or a card just to let me know that you receive this, for I notice in writing to Johnny in Utah, that it often takes a long time for my letters to reach him, and I do want to know that you get this.

When next you see Jean please tell her I will try and write to her very soon. I owe letters to everyone save my two boys who are away from home, I manage not to disappoint them. Stan is in Los Angeles so he and I can talk on the phone often, and that is a comfort. I have just heard that he has been deferred for six months as he is doing important work, building equipment for the airplane companies, Douglass, and Lockheed - Vega. He was disappointed as he felt he should go, but his wife is happy again, I too feel that he is doing his part as much in this important and necessary work as if he was in some branch of the service. And of course my mother's heart is thankful.

I hope your poor aching head can have a rest one of these days. Do take care of yourself. I hope to hear that you are feeling better. I am so glad you have your "Kitty for keeps" to comfort you, and I am glad for him that he has you. My Peppy has been somewhat upset by all this typewriting as it has broken up our usual routine, for usually I lie down on the sofa right after breakfast and try to spend two thirds of my day and evening there. So when I started writing for hours at a time Peppy had to be close to me like I was on the sofa and he on my feet, and I fixed an arm chair close beside me with a pillow and blanket and an old soft sweater of mine he likes to snuggle into for comfort when I have to go to the mail box or store, for him to have, and he was about half satisfied. Tomorrow after this is mailed and I come home and settle down again on the sofa how glad he will be. He is getting old, but I take good care of him, and he now wears a little blue coat when he first goes out on chilly mornings, for I notice his little joints sometimes creak when he gets up, so he needs warmth.

I wish you could drop in on me sometimes and read me some of your chapters, like you did the Ritters. I know they must have enjoyed it. Have you found a name for the book yet? I have often thought about it, but no inspiration has come.

And now finally I really am drawing to a close. Let me hear from you if you can find time.

With love, your friend

*Helen Muir*

Bits of "odds and ends" that came to me to tell you. *since last night.*

Papa taught us from the time we were small children that all creatures have feelings and troubles and joys just like people, and that we must always remember that fact and be considerate of them.

I have often wished ALL children were taught that as I see so much needless cruelty toward animals and birds.

He taught us to watch the birds that came to our trees and garden, to observe their habits and what they ate, and the kinds of nests they built, whenever possible. ~~taught~~ Of course he told us the names of all birds we saw, and usually why they were so named.

One of his earliest teachings was to be quiet around all wild creatures if you would really get to observe and know their ways. Stand or sit quietly and soon they go on about their affairs.

He had a keen sense of humor which showed itself in many different ways. Whenever he found a joke he liked he always shared it with the family, and especially with me as he grew older. Among my letters are many clippings of jokes he wanted me to laugh over with him and as I was far away he sent them to me. The last year at Martinez we had ~~many~~ a laugh over some saying or word, from some Scotch story he liked, some of them from that book you have. He would keep bringing them into our daily life as they fitted into our little daily happenings. I still think of them that way.

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